The Last, and now *Only*,

12

Compleat Collection, of the Newest and Choisest SONGS and POEMS, that are now Extant both at *COURTS*, *THEATRES* and elsewhere.

WITH

Above forty new SONGS

Never before in Print.

WHICH

Are now Added to this

SECOND PART

OF

WESTMINSTER DROLLERY.

The Second Impression.

Printed for *Will. Gilbert* at the Half-Moon in St. *Pauls* Church-Yard, and *Tho. Sawbridge* at the three *Flower de Luces* in *Little Britain*, 1672.

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THESE
To his Honoured Friend, the Author of this Book, upon his *WESTMINSTER DROLERY*.

HAving perus'd your Book, I there do find
The footsteps of a most Ingenious mind;
Which (tracing) I've left, until I came
Unto the knowledge of the Authors Name?
Which having understood, I needs must show
That due respect I to your Lines doe owe.
How easie is it for a man to know
Those Songs you made, from those Collected too?
Yours like Rich Vyands on a Table set,
Invites all Pallats for to tast and eat;
Th'others but Garnish are, which only serve
To feed a hungry stomach, least it starve;
Yours like the Sun, when he displayes his face,
Obscures, and darkens Stars of meaner Race:
So Sir, in every thing you so transcend,
That I could wish your Droleries no end:

But least my youthful Poetry should stray
From their intentions, and so lose their way,
I'le wish your fame may be as amply known
As he desires, who speaks himself your own.

Ric: Mangie.

WEST-

WESTMINSTER DROLLERY

The late Song at the Dukes House.

SInce we poor slavish women know
Our men we cannot pick and choose,
To him we like, why say we no?
We both our time and labour loose:
By our put offs, and fond delayes,
A Lovers Appetite we pall;
And if too long the Gallant stayes,
His Stomack's gone for good and all.

Or our impatient Amorous guest
Unknown to us away may steale,
And rather than stay for a feast
Take up with some course ready meale.
When opportunity is kind,
Let prudent women be so too;
And if a man be to her mind,
Till, till,—she must not let him goe.

The match soon made is happy still,
For only love, 'tis best to doe

For none should marry 'gainst their will,
But stand off when their Parents woe,
And only to their Suits be coy;
For she whom Joinures can obtain
To let a Fopp her bed injoy,
Is but a lawfull wench for gain.

A late Song called *The Resolute Gallant for a second Tryall.*

HOw hard a fate have I that must expire
By sudden sparkles Love hath blown to fire:
No paine like mine, 'cause fed with discontent,
Not knowing how these flames I may prevent.

Lucinda's eyes affection have compel'd,
And ever since in thraldome I have dwelt;
Yet which is more, she who's my sole delight
Belongs unto another man by right.

What though she do? bear up dejected mind,
She that is faire doth seldome prove unkind,
She may be so, I'le put it to aventure,
Who tryes no Circle, may mistake the Center.

For joyes themselves are only true when try'd,
Fruition is the comfort of a Bride;

And

And how can he enjoy that he'r doth try,
But is disheartned with a Female lie?

(When known to most) they willingly resigne
What they doe seem as willing to decline,
Why then should I desist, I'le try again,
They 'steeme the valiant lover the best of men.

The Subtil Girle well fitted.

The Tune *The New Boxy.*

PRethee *Cloris* tell me how
I've been so fleet Disloyal,
In love thou know'st who makes a vow,
'Tis only but on tryal:
For had I found, thy graces sound,
Which first I did discover,
There's none shou'd be more kind to thee,
Or halfe so true a Lover.

2. I vow'd 'tis true, I'le tell you how,
With mental reservation,
To try if thou wouldst keep thy vow,
And find thine Inclination;
But when I saw thou didst withdraw
Thy faith from me so changing,

Why shou'dst thou blame me for the same
To take my swing in ranging.

3. No *Claris* know, the knack I've found
Of this thy feigned passion,
Thou knowst my eldre brother's drown'd,
And chinks wish me in fashion;
And likewise know, I've made a vow
To one did ne're deceive me
VVho in the worst of times she durst
Both visit and relieve me.

4. Then farewell *Claris* false and faire,
And like thee every woman,
Nor more will weare thy lock of haire,
Thy favours now are common;
But I will weare *Aminta* deare
VVithin my heart for ever,
VVhose faire and kind, and constant mind,
To cherish I'le endeavour.

The New Stock Song.

SIt' tha' do'on be me, mine awn sweet joy,
Thouse quite kill me suedst thou prove coy;
Suedst thou prove coy, and not loove me.
VVhere sall I fiend like a tan as thee.

2. Is'e bin at Weke, and Is'e bin at Faire,
Yet neer coo'd I find ean with thee to compare,
Oft have I sought, yet ne're cood I find
Ean I loov'd like thee, 'gen you prove kind.

3. Thou'le ha a gay goone, an gea fine,
VVith brave buskins thy feet fall shine,
VVith the fin'ſt floores thy head fall be crownd,
An thy pink-patticoat fall be lac't round.

4. VVee'se gang early to the brooke side,
VVee'se catch fishes as they do glide:
Ev'ry little fiſh thy priſner fall be,
Thou'ſe catch them, an I'se catch thee.

5. Coom let me kiſſe thy cherry Lip, an praise
Aw the features, a thy ſweet face,
Thy forehead ſo ſmooth and lofty doth riſe,
Thy ſoft ruddy cheeks and thy pratty black eyes.

6. Iſe ligg by thee all the caw'd nite,
Thou'ſe want neathing for thy delecte,
Thouſe ha any thing, thouſe ha me,
Sure I ha ſoom thing that'le pleaſe thee.

The Answer to the Scotch Song, and to that Tune.

1. *Sibby* cryes to the wood, coom follow me,
For I'se have a fiene thing my *Billy* for thee,
It i sike a thing which I mun not tell,
Yet I ken *Billy* thou'se love it well.

2. *Billy* cryes, wa is me, and sight vary seare,
Cause to his *Sibby* he cood not come neare,
At last he tald her with many a greane,
Ise cannot follow *Sibby* for meerrier and steane.

3. Thou ken'st *Billy*, Is'e loove thee weele,
And for thy Love my Patticoat wa'd sell;
I'se loove thee dearly wee'se as myne ean mother,
Thou'se pull down ean side, & I'se pull down tother.

4. *Sibby* gang'd to the Wall to pull it doone,
Billy ean the tea-side came there as soone;
Then she pul'd doon the steane, & *Billy* the meerrier,
That of his pratty *Sibby* he might be the Peerrier.

The

The rejected Lover to his Mistress.

1. WHat means this strangeness now of late,
Since time doth truly approve,
Such difference may consist with state,
In canpot stand with love.

2. 'Tis either cunning or disdain,
Doth such ways allow;
The first is base, the last unjust,
Let neither blemish you.

3. Explane with unsuspitious looks
The Riddles of your mind;
The eyes are *Cupids* fortune Books,
Where love his fate may find.

4. If kindness crosse your wishe content,
Dismisse it with a frown,
I'le give thee all the love I spent,
The rest shall be my own.

The Prologue to Witt without money: being the first Play acted after the Fire.

SO shipwrackt Passengers escape to land,
So look they, when on bare Beach they stand,
Dropping and cold, and their first feare scarce o're,
Expecting famine from a desert shore,
From that hard Climate we must wait for bread
Whence even the Natives forc't by hunger fled.
Our stage does humane chance present to view,
But ne're before was seen so sadly true.
You are chang'd to, and your presence to see
Is but a nobler name of charitie.
Your own provisions furnish out our feasts,
Whilst you the founders make your selves our guests.
Of all mankind beside Fate had some care,
But for poore Witt no portion did prepare,
'Tis left a rent-charge to the brave and faire.
You cherisht it, & now its fall you mourne,
Which blind unmannerd Zealots make their scorne,
Who think the fire a Judgment on the stage,
Which spar'd not Temples in its furious rage.
But as our new-built City rises higher,
So from old Theaters *may new aspire,*
Since Fate contrives magnificence by fire.

Our

Our great Metropolis doth farr surpasse,
What ere is now, & equald all that was;
Our Witt as far doth forrein wit excell,
And like a king should in a Pallace dwell.
But we with golden hopes are vainely fed,
Talk high, and entertaine you in a shed:
Your presence here, for which we humbly sue,
Will grace old *Theaters*, and build up new.

A Song.

OF all the briske dames my *Selina* for me,
For I love not a woman unlesse she be free;
The affection that I to my Mistris do pay
Grows weary, unless she does meet me half way:
There can be no pleasure 'till humours do hit,
Then Jumping's as good in affection as wit.

No sooner I came, but she lik't me as soone,
No sooner I askt, but she granted my boon;
And without a preamble, a portion or Jointer,
She promis'd to meet me, where e're i'de appoint her;
So we struck up a match, and embrac'd each other
Without the consent of Father or Mother.

Then away with a Lady that's modest and coy,
Let her ends be the pleasure that we do enjoy.

Let

Let her tickle her fancy with secret delight,
And refuse all the day, what she longs for at night:
I believe my *Selina*, who shews they're all mad,
To feed on dry bones, when flesh may be had.

A SONG.

Give o're foolish heart, and make hast to despare,
For *Daphne* regards not thy vowes nor thy prayer
Which plead for thy passion, thy paines to prolong,
She courts her gittar, and replyes with a Song.
No more shall true lovers such beauties adore,
Were the gods so severe, men would worship no more.

No more will I waite like a slave at your doore,
I will spend the cold night at the windows no more;
My lungs in long sighs I'le no more exhale,
Since your pride is to make me grow sullen & pale;
No more shall Amintas your pitty implore,
Were gods so ingrate men, would worship no more.

No more shall your frowns & free humour perswade
To worship the Idol my fancy hath made,
When your Saint's so neglected, your follies give ore
Your deity's lost, and your beauty's no more;
No more shall true lovers such beauties adore,
Were the gods so severe, men would worship no more.

How

How weak are the powres of a lover in paine
When flatter'd with hope, or oppreſt with diſdain;
No ſooner my *Daphne*'s bright eyes I review,
But all is forgot, and I vow all anew.
No more faireſt Nymph, *I will murmur no more.*
Did the Gods ſeem ſo faire, men would ever adore.

A Song.

1. *Corinna* falſe? it cannot be,
Let me not hear't againe, 'tis blaſphemie,
Shee's divine,
Not the Shrine
Where the Veſtall flames doe ſhine
Holds out a light ſo conſtant pure as ſhe.
Firſt ſhall the nights
Out-burne thoſe Taper lights
Which Emulate the one ey'd day;
Phœbus rayes
Shall outgaze
Titan in his chiefeſt praiſe;
Snow ſhall burne,
Floods returne
To their Springs, their funerall urne,
E're my *Corinna*'s conſtancy decay.

Not-

2. Not innocence it selfe is free
From imputation; and 'twere base in me,
Where I find
Love combin'd
In a heart of one so kind,
To injure vertue with Jealousie.
Still do I strive
To keep my joyes alive
And vindicate *Corinna*'s fame,
Whilst my breast
Doth suggest
Thoughts which violate my rest,
And my feares
Flow in Teares
Whilst they wound me through the eares
Which cast aspersion on *Corinna*'s name.

3. 'Tis sayd, *Corinna* may it be
As false as my affection's true to thee,
That thou art!
How my heart
Greeves such terrors to impart,
Not what thou wast before to me:
This, this, destroyes
My late triumphant Joyes
Which sweld, when in your armes I was intwin'd.

Love's

Loves best wreath
You did breath,
You vowd to be my love till death
Sealing this
With that bliſſe,
Whilſt with armes, and every word a kiſs
Our pure ſoules were as our hearts combin'd.

Laſt night I walkt into a grove
Mong ſhady bowers to bewaile my loue.
There to find
Fate ſo kind
As to eaſe my penſive mind,
Or thoughts of my *Corinna* to remove.
But there the *Nightingale*
Had huſht her pretty tale,
Leaving her ditty's to the Owle,
Which made me ſad
And did adde
Fewel to the flame I had:
That poore I
Now muſt die
Unleſs *Corinna's* conſtancy
Takes off this clogg which overwhelmes my ſoule.

The Petticoate wagge, with the Answer.

SOme say the world is full of holes,
And I think
Many a chinke
Is unstopt, that were better clos'd,
Is now unstopt that were better clos'd.
To stop them all is more than to build *Paules*,
Wherefore he
That would see
How men are in private dispos'd,
How most men are in private dispos'd
Then let him looke the world throughout
From the oyster-wench to the black bagg,
And peepe here,
And peepe there,
You'l still find the petticoate wagge.

The Answer.

SOme say the world is full of pelfe,
But I think
There's no Chinke

Because

Becauſe I have ſo little my ſelfe,
Becauſe I have now ſo little my ſelfe.

Where pockets are full, there men will borrow,
But one muſt
Never truſt
For to be pay'd to day or to morrow,
For to be pay'd to day or to morrow;

But let him look the world throughout
From the Uſurer to his beſt friend,
And ask here,
And ask there,
But the Devil a penny they'l lend.

An Invocation to Cupid.

A SONG.

YOu powers that guard loves pleaſant Throng
And guide our paſſions by your owne,
Send downe, ſend down that golden dart
That makes two Lovers weare one heart.

Sollicite *Venus* that her doves
Which through their bills tranſlate their loves,

May

May teach my tender love and I
To kisse into a Sympathy.

Pray *Cupid*, if it be no sinne
'Gainst nature, for to make a twinne
Of our two soules, that the others eyes
May see death coyn'd when one dyes.

If oh you *Powers* you can implore
Thus much from Love, know from your store
Two Amorous Turtles shall be freed
VVhich yearly on your Altar bleed.

A beautifull and great Lady died in March, *and was buried in* April.

March with his winds hath struck a *Cedar* tall,
And weeping *Aprill* mournes the *Cedars* fall,
And *May* intends her month no flowres shall bring
Sith she must loose the flowre of all the Spring.
Then *March* winds have caused *Aprill* showers,
And yet sad *May*, must loose her flower of flowres.

Tom

Tom of Bedlam, and so that Tune,

A mock to From a dark and dismal state.

1. FRom the hagg and hungry Goblin
That into raggs would rend yee,
All the Spirits that stand
By the naked man
In the book of moons defend yee,
That of your five sound Senses
You never be forsaken,
Nor Travel from
Your selves with *Tom*
A broad to beg your Bacon.

Chor: *Now never sing, any food any feeding,*
Money drink or clothing;
Come dame or maid
Be not affrayd,
Poor Tom *will injure nothing.*

2. Of 30 bare yeares have I
Twice twenty bin inraged,
And of forty bin
Three times fifteene
In durance soundly caged,
In the lovely lofts of *Bedlam*, on stubble soft & dainty

Brave bracelets strong,
Sweet whips ding dong
And wholsome hunger plenty.
Chor. *And now I sing, any food, any feeding* &c.

3. With a thought I took for mawdlin,
And a cruse of cockle potage;
And a thing thus — tall
(Skye blesse you all)
I fell into this dotage.
I slept not since the conquest,
'Till then I never waked,
'Till the Roguish Boy
Of Love where I lay
Me found, and stript me naked.
Chor: *And made me sing, any food,* &c.

4. When short I have shorne my Sowes face,
And swigg'd my horned barrell,
In an Oaken Inne,
Doe I pawn my skin,
As a suit of gilt apparel.
The Moon's my constant Mistris,
And the lovely Owle my morrow,
The flaming drake,
And the night-crow make
Me musick to my sorrow.
Chor: *While there I sing any food* &c.

5. The

5. The Palsy plague these pounces,
When I prigg your piggs or pullen,
Your Culvers take,
Or mateless make
Your Chanticleare, and sullen,
When I want provant, with *Humphry* I sup;
And when benighted,
To repose in *Paules*,
With walking soules,
I never am affrighted.
Chor: *But still do I sing, any food &c.*

6. I know more than *Apollo*,
For oft when he lyes sleeping,
I behold the Starrs
At mortall warrs,
And the wounded *Welkin* weeping;
The Moon embrace her shepheard,
And the queen of Love her warriour,
Whilst the first doth horne,
The starre of the morne,
And the next the heavenly Farrier.

7. The Gipsy Snap, and Tedro,
Are none of *Tom*'s Comrades,

The Punke I scorne,
And the Cutpurse sworne,
And the roaring boyes bravadoes.
The sober white, and gentle,
Me trace, or touch, and spare not;
But those that crois
Tom's Rhinoceros,
Do what the *Panther* dare not.
Chor: *Although I sing, my food &c.*

8. With a heart of furious fancies,
Whereof I am commander,
With a burning speare,
And a horse of Aire,
To the wilderness I wander;
With a Knight of Ghosts and shaddowes,
I summon'd am to *Tourney*,
Ten leagues beyond
The wide worlds end,
Methinks it is no journey.
Chor: *All while I sing,*
Any food any feeding,
Money drink or clothing,
Come dame or mayd
Be not affrayd,
Poor Tom will injure nothing.

The Oakeman.

To the Tune of *Tom of Bedlam.*

1. THe Starr that shines by day light,
And his Love the midnight walker,
VVell guard Red-Jack,
VVith his Purple-pack
Of right *Northumbrian* Auker.
Cho: *While here I sing,*
Any marke, any marking,
Marking red or yellow,
Come, come, and buy, or say ye why,
You deny so brave a fellow.

2. Full off a 10 dayes Journey
Into the earth I venture,
To shew bright day,
Old *Adams* clay,
From the Long benighted center.
Chor: *And then I sing, any mark &c.*

3. From the Rugged Ile of *Orkney*,
VVhere the Redshanke walkes the Marish
Not a Towne of Count,
To the Magog-mount,
Not a Village Ham or parish;
Chor: *But then I sing any marke &c.*

4. The Curtaild Cur and Mastiffe,
With this Twig I charm from barking;
From Packhorse-loose,
And wells in street,
I preserve your Babes with marking.
Chor: *While there I sing, any marks &c.*

5. The Blank denier, and Stiver,
To Gold I turn with wearing
And a six-penny pot,
For a scarlet groat
Eddie fills me without swearing.
Chor: *While I do sing any mark &c.*

6. Besides the Mort I marry'd,
With whom I sometimes slumber,
'Tway loves have I,
And one Jigg by.
So we are five in number.
Chor: *And we do sing any marke &c.*

7. Not one of all my Doxyes,
So fruitless is or sterril,
But breeds young bones,
And marking stones
To your Poultreys further perril.
Chor: *When they shall sing any marks &c.*

8. Will

8. Will you red-stones have to Tanny
Your Lambskins or [illegible] weathers,
Will ye Bole as good,
For a flux of blood,
As the fume of Capons feathers.
Chor: *Of these I sing any mark* &c.

9. Will you Lead to *Pounce* your paintings,
Any Peakish whetstones will ye,
Will ye heavenly Blewca,
Or *Ceruse* use,
That scornes to wooe the *Lilly*.
Chor: *Of what I sing, any marks* &c.

10. The *Belgian* does not scorne me,
Nor I the *Ethiopian*,
I am both one man,
To the *American*,
And the white and faire *European*.
Chor: *Although I sing any mark* &c.

11. The fiery *Mars* his Minion,
By the Twilight might me follow,
In a morning Scene,
To the Mornings Queene,
She might take me for *Apollo*.
Cho: *But that I sing, any mark* &c.

12. But as disdain'd of fortune,
Disdaine I shift and sharking,
No loves but these,
Do my fancy please,
No delight, or life to marking.
Chor: *Wherefore I sing*
Any marking,
Marking red or yellow
Come, come, and buy,
Or say you why,
You deny so brave a fellow.

Old Soldiers.

1. OF old Soldiers the Song you would heare,
And we old Fidlers have forgot who they were
But all we remember shall come to your Eare,
Chor: *That we are Old Soldiers of the Queens,*
And the Queens Old Soldiers.

2. With an old *Drake* that was the next man,
To old *Franciscus* (who first it began)
To saile through the Streights of *Magellan*,
Chor: *Like an old Soldier* &c.

3. Tha

3. That put the *Proud Spanish Armado* to wrack,
And Travel'd all ore the old world, and came back
In his old Ship, laden with Gold and old Sack,
Chor: *Like an old* &c.

4. With an Old *Candish* that seconded him,
And taught his old Sailes the same passage to swim,
And did them therefore with Cloth of Gold Trim,
Like an old &c.

5. With an old *Rawleigh* that twice and agen,
Saild over most part of the Seas, and then
Travel'd all ore the old World with his Pen,
And an Old &c.

With an old *John Narreys* the Generall
That at old *Gaunt* made his fame Immortall,
In spight of his foes with no losse at all,
Like an old Soldier &c.

7. Like old *Brest-fort* an Invincible thing, (King,
When the old *Queen* sent him to help the French
Took from the proud foe to the worlds wondring,
As an old &c.

VVhere

Where an old stout *Fryer* as goes the story,
Came to push a Pike with him in vain glory,
But he was almost sent to his own Purgatory
By this old Souldier &c.

With an old *Ned Norreys* that kept *Ostend*,
A terrour to foe, and a refuge to freind,
And left it Impregnable to his last end,
Like an old Souldier &c.

That in the old unfortunate voyage of all,
March'd ore the old Bridge, and knocks at the wall
Of *Lisbon* the Mistris of *Portugall*,
Like an old Souldier &c.

With an old *Tom Norreys* by the old Queen sent,
Of *Munster* in *Ireland* Lord President,
Where his dayes and his blood in her service he spent,
Like an old Souldier &c.

With an old *Harry Norreys* in battel wounded
In his Knee, whose Legg was cut off; and he sed
You have spil'd my Dancing, and dyed in his bed.
An old Souldier &c.

With

With an old *Will Norreys* the oldest of all,
Who went voluntary without any call,
To'th old *Irish* Wars to's fame Immortall,
Like an old Soldier &c.

VVith an old *Maximilian Norreys* the last
Of six old brothers, whose fame the time past
Could never yet match, nor shall future time wast.
He was an old soldier &c.

VVith an old *Dick Wenman* the first (in his prime)
That over the walls of old *Cales* did climbe,
And therefore was Knighted, and liv'd all his time,
An old souldier &c.

VVith an old *Nando Wenman* when *Brest* was ore-(thrown
Into th' Aire, into th' Seas with Gunpowder blown,
Yet bravely recovering, long after was known,
An old souldier &c.

VVith an old *Tom Wenman*, whose bravest delight
VVas in a good cause for his Country to fight,
And dyed in *Ireland* a good old Knight,
And an old souldier &c.

VVith

VVith a young *Ned Wenman* so valiant and bold,
In the warrs of *Bohemia*, as with the old
Deserves for his valour to be Inrold,
An old &c.

And thus of old Soldiers hear ye the same,
But never so many of one house and name.
And all of old *John* Lord *Williams* of *Thame*,
Chor: *An Old Souldier of the Queens,*
And the Queens old Soldier.

A woers Expostulation.

1. ALl day do I sit inventing,
VVhile I live so single alone,
VVhich way to Wed to my contenting;
And yet can resolve upon none.
There's a wench whose wealth would inrich me,
But she not delights me;
There's anothers eyes do bewitch me,
But her fashion frights me.
He that herein
Has a traveller bin
And at length in his Longing sped.
VVhat shall I doe,
Tell me who I shall woe,
For I long to be lustily wed.

2. Shall

2. Shall I with a VViddow marry,
No, no, she such watch will beare
To spy how my selfe I doe carry,
I shall always live in feare.
Shall I to a mayd be a wooer,
Maydens are lov'd of many,
Knowing not to whom to be sure,
Are unsure to any.
Marry with youth,
There is love without truth,
For the young cannot long be just,
And Age if I prove,
There is truth without Love,
For the Old are too cold to Lust.

The Resolution.

1. I Dye, when as I do not see
Her, who is my life, and all to me;
And when I see her then I dye
In seeing of her cruelty,
So that to me, like misery is wrought,
Both when I see, and when I see her not.
2. Shall I in silence mourn and grieve?
VVho silent sorrowes will relieve?
In speaking not my heart will rend,
And speaking I may her offend.

A

So that 'twixt Love and death my heart is shot
With equall darts, speak I, or speak I not.

3. Since life and death is in her Eye,
If her I not behold, I dye;
And if I look on her she kills,
I'le chuse the least of two such ills,
Though both be hard, this is the easier lot,
To dye and see, than dye and see her not.

4. Yet when I see her I shall speak,
For if I speak not, heart will break;
And if I speak I can but dye,
Of two such ills the least i'le trye;
Who dyes unseen or dumb is soon forgot,
I'le see and speak then, dye, or dye I not.

Love, himselfe in Love.

1. AS in *May* the little god of love
Forsook his Mothers rosy rest,
To play, to wanton, and to rove
His quiver where it pleas'd him best.
VVanting sport
In idle sort,

An

An arrow where he could not tell
From him glanced,
So it chanced
Love thereby in Love befell.

2. In sad Teares he to his mother pray'd
(to seek his shaft,) to lend him eyes,
VVhich she grants: a bright and lovely
Love taking up his dart espies;
But poore lad
He better had
Neer seen at all, then now too well,
For being strook,
VVith her faire look
Love himselfe in love befell.

3. She too true a chastity embrac'd,
And from Loves courtship, and his roome
Nicely flew; but when his houre was past,
His sorrow with his sight was gone.
VVith us swaines,
She now remaines;
And every shepheards boy can tell,
This is she
That love did see
VVho seeing her in love befell.

4. Some thus wish, that Love had never shot,
(That thereof with him feel the woe,)
Some dispute that Love a God is not,
And think that beauty beares the bow,
Since this mayd,
VVithout his ayd,
Doth her beholders all compell,
Now to fall
Into that thrall
VVhere Love himself in Love befell.

5. Simple Swaines could wish their eyes were blind
For in her speech and every grace,
Are such chaines to captivate the mind,
They love her that ne're saw her face.
Liking lyes
Not all in Eyes,
Nor Charmes in Cheeks do only dwell,
Love had power,
But for an houre,
To see, and so in love befell.

6. Since in troope of many wretched men
I her inchanting looks survay'd,
Though I droop, I languish, yet agen,
To see, and yet to see affrayd.

But

But O why,
With shame should I
Consume for what I love so well,
First I'le try
Her love, and dye
With fame, where love in love befell.

The Matchlesse Maid.

1. AMidst the merry *May*,
When wantons would a playing,
A Girle as any gay
That had no mind a Maying,
By a cleare
Fountain brim,
Shedding teares,
Shaming him,
Sate, and said, are all they
With their Mates gone to May,
And on a Sun-shiny day
Must I be cast away,
O, to dye a Maid.

2. One hand she laid to calme
Her breast that ever panted,
And on her other palme
Her dewy Cheek she planted,

All a loft
Covered ore
With the ſoft ſilks ſhe wore,
And underneath a bed
Of *Lillyes* had ſhe ſpred
Whereon ſhe was, ſhe ſed
Fully determined
O to dye a Maid.

3. Is't love, quoth ſhe, or lot,
Whoſe fault I am not mated?
Has *Cupid* me forgot,
Will fortune have me hated?
O ill men
Though ye be
Fewer then
Wretched we;
Muſt I needs be one,
For whom there mate is none,
None need her death bemone
(Than) that was borne alone,
O, to dye a Made.

4. And ſo into a ſwound
She fell; and in a trembling
Fell I, when as I found
A maid; & no diſſembling:

To

To her quick
Did I ſtepp,
Felt her thick
Pulſes leap,
Brake her blew Belt in twaine,
Into her cheeks againe,
Kiſt that Vermilion ſtain,
Nature did ne're ordaine.
O to die a Maid.

5. But like to him that wrought
A face that him Inchanted,
And life for it beſought,
Which *Cytherea* granted,
Fared I
(fool) that ſhould
Let her dye
When ſhe would.
For with that ſoul ſhe brought,
Back from the ſhades ſhe ſought,
Am I now deeply caught
In love, that ever thought
O to die a Maid.

One and his Mistris a dying.

1. SHall we die,
Both thou and I,
And leave the world behind us;
Come I say
And lets away,
For no body here doth mind us.

2. Why do we gape,
We cannot scape
The doom that is assign'd us;
When we are in grave,
Although we rave,
There no body needs to bind us.

3. The Clark shall sing,
The Sexton ring,
And old wives they shall wind us,
The Priest shall lay
Our bones in clay,
And no body there shall find us.

4. Farewel wits,
And folly's fits,
And griefs that often pin'd us;

When we are dead,
We'l take no heed
What no body says behind us.

5. Merry nights,
And false delights
Adieu, ye did but blind us,
We must to mold,
Both young and old,
Till no body's left behind us.

A Dialogue between a man (in Garrison) and his wife (with her company) storming without.

The Tune *The Devils Dream.*

Man. HArk, hark, the Doggs do bark,
My Wife is coming in
With Rogues and Jades,
And roaring blades,
They make a devilliſh din.

Woman. 2. Knock, knock, 'tis twelve a clock,
The Watch will come anon,
And then shall wee
All be free
Of the Gate house every one.

Man. 3. Hold, hold, who is that so bold
That dares to force my doores,
Here is no roome
For such a scum
Of arrant Rogues and Whores.

Woman. 4. See, See, this Cuckold he
Denyes to let us in,
Let's force the house,
Drink and carouse,
And make him sit and spin.

Man. 5. So, so, I'me glad I know
Your mind, I will provide
A *Bride-well* Bunne
For every one,
And lodging there beside.

Woman. 6. Run, Run, lets all be gon,
The Watch is coming by,

They

They bid 'em stand,
Away they ran
As fast as they could hey.

Man. 7. Watch, watch, I prethee catch
Some of that flying crew,
Heres money for ye,
They for it tarry,
Mean while away they flew.

A Late Poem by a Person of quality.

WHat dire Aspects wore the inraged skie
At the curst moment of my birth? Or why
Did envious Fate prolong my loathsome age,
Since all mankind, yea all the Gods ingage
To bend their never-ceasing spight on me alone,
Am I the center of their envy grown?
Am I the man
On whom they all their venom'd weapons try
Made for their sport, and mankinds mockery?
Or was't ye Gods that you did me create
Only to make me thus unfortunate?
Or do I owe a being to some other powers
Who'l make me able to deride all yours?

If so,
From these unknown Patrons I'le obtaine
A power to stay your deem'd eternall reigne,
I'le ravish Nature from which rape shall come
A Race, shall ruine your ill guarded throne;
Rocks, hills, and mountaines, wee'l fling at the Skye;
Whole torne up Regions in Joves face shall fly.
Wee'l draine the Seas
With hills of water, quench the angry starrs;
Nor will we put an end to these just wars,
Till conquered *Jove* shall learne to obey,
And I more powerfull shall his Scepter sway;
The heavens to their first source shall then returne,
The Earth to her Autumnal being run:
And stubborne mankind I will new create:
On all I will impose new lawes of Fate.

On Women.

WOmen are call'd *Eves*,
Because they came from *Adams* wife,
Put to *e*, *v*, and they are Theeves;
They rob men of a merry life;
Put *l*s to *Eve*, and then they're *Evils*;
Put *d* before evills, and then they are *Devils*:
And thus our *Eves* are made *theeves*, & *theeves* are evils
And angry Women are a thousand times worse than
Devils.

The

The Valentine.

1. AS youthfull day put on his beſt
Attire to uſher morne,
And ſhe to greet her glorious gueſt
Did her faire ſelfe adorne;
Up did I riſe, and hid mine eyes
As I went through the ſtreet,
Leaſt I ſhould one that I deſpiſe
Before a fairer meet;
And why
Was I,
Think you ſo nice and fine,
Well did I wot,
Who wotts it not,
It was St *Valentine*

2. In fields by *Phebus* great with young
Of Flower's and hopefull budds,
Reſembling thoughts that freſhly ſprung
In lovers lively bloods,
A dam'ſel faire and fine I ſaw,
So faire and finely dight,
As put my heart almoſt in aw
To attempt a mate ſo bright:
But O,
Why ſo,
Her purpoſe was like mine,
And readily,
She ſaid as I,
Good morrow *Valentine*.

3. A Faire of love we kept a while,
She for each word I said
Gave me two smiles, and for each smile
I her two kisses pay'd.
The Violet made haste to appear
To be her bosome guest,
With first Primrose that grew this year
I purchast from her brest;
To me, gave she, her golden lock for mine;
My ring of Jet,
For her Bracelet,
I gave my *Valentine*.

4. Subscribed with a line of love,
My name for her I wrote;
In silke forme her name she wove,
VVhereto this was her mot--
As shall this year thy truth appear
I still my dear am thine:
Your mate to day, and Love for aye,
If you so say, was mine.
VVhile thus, on us, each others favours shine,
No more have we to change, quoth she,
Now farewell *Valentine*.

5. Alas, said I, let freinds not seeme
Between themselves so strange,

The

The Jewels both we dear'ſt eſteeme
You know are yet to change:
She anſwers no, yet ſmiles as though
Her tongue her thought denyes;
VVho truth of maidens mind will know,
Muſt ſeek it in her Eyes.
She bluſht,
I wiſht,
Her heart as free as mine,
She ſight and ſware,
Inſooth you are
Too wanton *Valentine*.

6. Yet I ſuch further favour won
By ſuit and pleaſing play,
She vow'd what now was left undone,
Should finiſht be in *May*.
And though perplex'd with ſuch delay,
As more augments deſire,
'Twixt preſent griefe, and promis'd Joy,
I from my Mate retire:
If ſhe
To me
Preſerve her vowes divine
And conſtant troth,
She ſhall be both
My Love aud *Valentine*.

On Thirsis *and* Phillis.

YOung *Thirsis* the shepheard, that wont was to (keep
So delightfull flocks and faire,
Sets eyes upon *Phillis*, and lets go the Sheep
To wander he knows not where.
The cropping of *Lillyes*,
Was as became *Phillis*,
That seem'd with her brow to compare;
He tuning of *Verses*,
Was as became *Thirsis*,
That more did her beauty declare.

2. Why lik'st thou those flowers that are not like thee,
Thou art far more fresh and gay,
Or if thou lov'st Lillyes, why lov'st thou not me
That am Love-sick and pale as they?
Thy bosome faire *Phillis*
Yeilds lovlyer Lillyes
Surpassing the sweetness of those,
Whose beauty so pierces
The poor heart of *Thirsis*
That these more resemble his woes.

3. Art thou a Shepherdeſs, and yet too good
For a Shepheard to be thy mate?
If wanton opinion, or pureneſſe of blood,
Doth make thee diſdaine thy eſtate,
Let *Thirſis* pluck Lillyes,
And feed flocks for *Phillis*
For her love his duty to ſhow,
Whilſt *Phillis* rehearſes,
The *Poeſies* of *Thirſis*
In his love her beauty to know.

4. If *Coridons* jealouſie cannot admit
Young *Thirſis* his rival to be,
Thy heart is too young to be ſingular yet,
And too old to be low'd is he.
Then try what the skill is
Of young men faire *Phillis*
Ere age thou doſt ſimply retaine;
If any love pierces
Thee deeper than *Thirſis*,
Let *Thirſis* love *Phillis* in vaine,

5. Thus *Thirſis* went, on but *Phillis* more wiſe
Conceales the delight ſhe find,
For women their likings have skill to diſguiſe,
But men cannot maſque their minds.

He

He mounts where the hill is,
The proud hill where *Phillis*,
Is wonted to rest with her sheep,
And with his flock *Thirsis*,
So seldome converses,
We think he with *Phillis* doth keep.

A Song.

1. TO love thee without flattery were a sin,
Since thou art all Inconstancy within,
Thy heart is govern'd only by thine Eyes,
The newest object is thy richest ptize,
Love me then just as I love thee,
That's 'till a fairer I can see.

2. I hate this constant doating on a Face,
Content ne're dwells a week in any place,
Why then should you and I love one another
Longer than we can our fancy smother,
Love me then just as I love thee,
That's 'till a fairer I can see.

A Song.

1. WHen *Thirſis* did the ſplendid Eye
Of *Phillis* his faire Miſtris ſpye,
Was ever ſuch a glorious Queen
Said he, unleſſe above, twere ſeen.

2. Faire *Phillis* with a bluſhing aire,
Hearing thoſe words became more faire;
Away, ſays he, you need not take
Freſh beauty, you more fair to make.

3. Then with a winning ſmile and looke,
His candid flattery ſhe took;
O ſtay, ſayd he, 'tis done I vow,
Thirſis is captivated now.

A catch for three Voices, made from a true Story.

1. A Knot of good fellowes were making moane,
Their meeting was ſpoild, their pig was gon.
Whee, quoth a Frenchman to *Joan*, its dark,
Hark there, cryes *Mounſeir*, *Pig*, weel make him pork;
They caught him, & ſtuck him, *wee' wee'*, what you do
To ſerve you like the mother of the meaz'ld ſow?

Begar

Begar me no Bacon, you Engliſh dogge;
Weeh, weeh, you raskall Frenchman, wee'l dreſſe you (like a hogg?
They kept ſuch a weehing that home came the Pigg,
Which made them all dance, and drinke as long as (they could ſwig,
They cry the Mounſeir pardon, & forth let him paſs
No more for a Pigge, but now for an Aſſe.

A Catch of 3 Parts.

1. MY Miſtriſs will not be content to take a Jeſt,
I mean a Jeſt as Chaucer meant:
But following ſtill the Womens faſhion,
Allowes it, allowes it, in the laſt tranſlation;
For with the word ſhee'l not diſpence,
And yet, and yet, and yet, I know ſhe loves the ſence.

On Loyalty in the Cavaliers.

1. HE that is a cleare Cavalier
Will not repine,
Although his fortune grow
So very low
That he cannot get wine.

Fortune

Fortune is a Lasse,
She will embrace,
And strait destroy,
Free-borne Loyaltie
Will ever be,
Sing Vive le Roy.

Chorus.

Vertue is her own reward, and fortune is a Whore,
There's none but knaves and fools regard
Her, or do her power implore:
A reall honest man,
Might a'bin utterly undone,
To shew his Allegiance,
His love and obedience,
Honour will raise him up,
And still praise him up,
Virtue stayes him up,
Whilst your Loose Courriers dine
With their full Bowles of Wine,
Honour will stick to it fast,
And he that fights for love, doth in the way of honour move,
He that is a true *Roger*, and hath serv'd his King,
Although he be a ragged Souldier,
Whilst those that make sport of us,
May become short of us,
Fate will flatter e'm, and will scatter e'm,

Whilst that Loyalty
Waits on Royalty,
He that waits peacefully,
May be successfully
Crown'd with Crowns at last.

2. Firmly let us then
Be honest men,
And kick at fate,
We shall live to see
Loyalty,
Valued at a high rate.
He that bears a word
Or a sword,
'Gainst the Throne,
Or doth prophanely prate
To wrong the State,
Hath but little for his own.

Chorus.

What though the *Elusives* of painted Players,
Be the prosperous men,
Yet we'l attend our own affaires,
When we come to't again.
Treachery may be fac't with highs,
And leachery lin'd with furre,

A Cuckold may be made a Knight,
'Tis fortune *de la guer*,
But what is that to us boyes,
That now are honest men?
Wee'l conquer and come agen,
Beat up the drum agen,
Hey for Cavaliers,
Joy for Cavaliers,
Pray for Cavaliers,
Dub a dub dub,
Have at old *Belzebub*,
Oliver stinks for fear.
Fift-Monarchy must down boyes
And every Sect in Town,
Wee'l rally, and to't agen,
Give 'em the rout agen,
When they come agen,
Charge 'em home agen,
Face to the right about, *tantarara*,
This is the life of an honest poor Cavalier.

The Irish footmans, O hone,

1. NOw Chree'st me save,
Poor Irish Knave, *O hone, O hone.*
Round about,
The Town throughout,
Is poor *Shone* gone,
Mayster to find,
Loving and kind,
But *Shone* to his mind is ne're the neare,
Shone can find none here,
Which makes him cry for feare
O hone, O hone.
Shone being poore,
Him's foot being sore,
For which hee'l no more
Trot about,
To find mayster out,
Fait I'le rather go without *And cry O hone.*

2. I was so croſt,
That I was forc't,
To go barefoot,
With ſtripes to boot,
And no ſhooes none
Nill Engliſh could I ſpeak,
My mind for to break,

And many laught to hear the moane I made,
And I like a tyr'd Jade,
That had no worke nor Trade
But cry'd O hone.
'Cause Church to go,
Whither I'de or no,
I le dye or do so,
Grace a Chreest;
For I love *Popish* Preest
A poor Catholick thou seest, *O hone, O hone.*

3. Good honest *Shone*,
Make no more moane,
For thy loss,
I do intend,
Something to spend
On Catholicks thus crost;
Take this small gift,
And with it make a shift,
And be not thou bereft;
Of thy mind;
Although he was unkind,
To leave thee thus behind, *To cry O hone.*
Here take this Beer, and with it make good cheere,
Nothing's for thee too deare, so a due,
Be constant still and true,
This country do not rue, *Nor cry O hone,*

4. Good Shenslemen
That do intend,
To help poore *Shone* at's need,
My Patron here,
Has given me Beer,
And meat whereon to feed,
Yea and moneys too,
So I hope that you
Will do as he did do,
For my reliefe,
To eaſe my pain & griefe.
Ile eat no powder'd beef,
What e're enſue,
But I will keep my faſt,
As I did in times paſt,
To get more ſtomack for my hungry thpoat,
And when for friends I ſought,
They call'd me all te're naught

Song.

I Went to the Tavern, and then,
I went to the Tavern, and then,
I had good ſtore of VVine,
And my cap full of coyne
And the world went well with me then, then,
And the world went well with me then.

2. I went to the Tavern again,
Where I ran on the score
And was turn'd out o'th' door,
And the world went ill with me then, then, &c.

3. When I was a Batchelor then
I had a Saddle and a Horse,
And I took my own course,
And the world went well with me then, then, &c.

4. But when I was marry'd, O then
My Horse and my Saddle
VVere turn'd to a Cradle,
And the world went ill with me then, then, &c.

5. VVhen I brought her home money, then
She never would pour,
But clip me about,
And the world went well with me then, then, &c.

6. But when I was drunk, O then,
She'd kick, she'd fling,
Till she made the house ring,
And the world went ill with me then, then &c.

7. So I turn'd her away, and then,
I got me a Miss,
To clip and to kiss,
And the world went ill, &c.

8. But the *Pariter* came, and then
I was call'd to the Court,
Where I pay'd for my sport,
And the world went ill &c.

9. I took my Wife home agen,
But I chang'd her note,
For I cut her throat,
And the world went well with me then, &c.

10. But when it was known, O then,
In a two-wheeld Charret,
To *Tiburn* I was carry'd,
And the world went ill, &c.

11. But when I came there, O then,
They forc't me to swing
To heaven in a string,
And the world went well with me then, then,
And the world went well with me then.

The

The Moons Love.

1. THe Moon in her pride,
Once glanced aside
Her eyes, and espied
The day;
As unto his bed,
In wastcoat of red,
Faire *Phœbus* him led
The way;
Such changes of thought,
In her chastitie wrought,
That thus she besought the boy,
O tarry,
And Marry
The Starry *Diana*,
That will be thy Jem, and Joy.

2. I will be as bright
At noon as at night,
That may delight
The day;
Come hither and joine
Thy glories with mine,
Together wee'l shine
For aye.
The night shall be noon,
And every moon
As pleasant as *June*
Or *May*;

O tarry and marry &c. 3. En.

3. Enamour'd of none
I live chast and alone,
Though courted of one,
Some say;
And true if it were
So frivolous feare
Let never my dear
Dismay,
I'le change my opinion,
And turne my old Minion,
The Sleepy *Endimion*
Away,
O tarry and marry, &c.

4. And but that the night,
Should have wanted her light
Or lovers in sight
Should play,
Or *Phœbus* should shame
To bestow such a dame
(With a dow'r of his flame)
On a Boy,
Or day should appear,
Eternally here,
And night otherwhere,
The day

Had

Had tarry'd,
And matry'd,
The starry'd *Diana*,
And she been his Jem and Joy.

On Dulcina.

1. AS at noone *Dulcina* rested,
In her sweet and shady bower,
Came a shepheard and requested,
In her lapp to sleep an houre;
But from her look,
A wound he took
So deep, that for a further boon,
The Nimph he prayes,
VVhereto she sayes,
Foregoe me now, come to me soone.
2. But in vaine did she conjure him,
To depart her presence so,
Having a thousand tongues to allure him,
And but one to bid him go.
VVhere lipps invite,
And eyes delight,
And cheeks as fresh as rose in *June*,
Perswade to stay,
VVhat boots her say,
Foregoe me now, come to me soon.

3. VVord;

Words whose hopes might have injoin'd
Him to let *Dulcina* sleep,
Could a mans love be confin'd,
Or a mayd her promise keep;
But he her waste,
Still holds as fast,
As she was constant to her Tune,
And still she spake,
For *Cupid* sake
Foregoe me now, come to me soon.

4. He demands what time or pleasure,
Can there be more soon, than now?
She sayes Night gives love that leasure,
That the Day doth not allow.
The Suns kind sight,
Forgives delight,
Quoth he, more easily than the Moon.
And *Venus* playes: he told, she sayes,
Foregoe me now, come to me soon.

5. But no promise nor profession,
From his hands could purchase scope;
Who would sell the sweet possession
Of such beauty for a hope?
Or for the sight of lingring night,

Foregoe

Foregoe the present Joyes of Noon,
Though ne're so faire, her speeches were,
Foregoe me now, come to me soon.

6. How at last agreed these lovers,
He was faire, and she was young,
Tongue may tell what eye discovers,
Joyes unseen are never sung.
Did she consent,
Or he relent,
Accepts he night, or grants she noon,
Left he her mayd, or not? she said
Foregoe me now, come to me soon.

The Saylers Song.

1. THe raging waves, and roaring wind
(My Mates) I list no longer hide,
A gentler passage now I find,
And Saile upon a calmer tide
Of Neptunes *man, his wife I prove,*
And serve with him the master love.

2. My bosome now my Ocean is,
Wherein my *Amorous* thoughts do steere,
My hopefull heart in waves of blisse,
Whereto her voice and smiling cleare

My

My wind and weather be; Her eyes
Are both my Loadstar, and my Prize.

3. No saile, nor wind, nor Sun I need,
Her favours pass the silken Saile,
Her smiles the Sunshine day exceed,
And her sweet voice the softest gale?
I take no height of starres above?
Nor seek adventures, but her love.

4. And if her heart I compass can,
VVhere I my hopes have Anchor'd all;
He that the fleece of *Cholchos* wan,
Made voyage poorer than I shall,
By how much living Pearl's above
Dead gold, and wealth is short of love.

To Live and dye.

1. A Creature so strange, so wretched a one
As I
Can there be found,
For now alas I live, and anon
I die,
Feeling no wound;
When but a look of my love I gaine,
O what a life it doth infuse!

But

But when I taſt of her ſharpe diſaine,
O how I dye, how can I chuſe?

2. Like as the Sun gives life to the flowers,
VVhen *May*
Painteth the field,
So when ſhe ſmiles, her eye like the powers,
Of Joy
Doth to me yeild,
But as the Autumn's envious raine,
Soon doth the ſummers pride confuſe
Daſht with the ſtormes of her Diſdaine,
So do I dye, how can I chuſe.

3. Then 'tis no wonder that here is a man,
Can live
Now, and now dye;
Since there's a beauty that life and death can
Both give
Out of her Eye.
Let her the wonder of time remaine,
And that I live let no man muſe,
VVhile ſhe me loves, and if ſhe diſdaine,
Muſt not I dye, how can I chuſe?

4. Has not her favour force to revive
A heart
Dying with paine?

And

And has her scorne not power to deprive
That part
Of life againe?
Is there not life and death in her frame
Both at her powerfull will to use,
Then at her powerfull will I am,
Living or dead, how can I chuse?

The hunting of the Gods.

1. SOngs of Shepheards, and Rusticall Roundlayes,
Form'd of fancyes, and whistled on reedes;
Sung to Solace young Nimphs upon holy dayes,
Are too unworthy for wonderfull deeds.
Phebus Ingenious
Or winged *Cylenius*
His lofty Genius,
May seem to declare,
In verse better coyn'd,
And voice more refin'd
How States devin'd,
Once hunted the Hare.

2. Starrs Enamour'd with Pastimes Olympicall,
Starrs and Planets that beautifull shone,
VVould

Would no longer that earthly men only shall
Swim in pleasure, and they but look on.
Round about horned
Lucina they swarmed,
And her informed
How minded they were,
Each God and Goddesse,
To take humane bodyes,
As Lords and Ladies,
To follow the Hare.

3. Chast *Diana* applauded the Motion,
And pale *Proserpina* set in her place,
Lights the Welkin, and governs the Ocean,
While she conducted her Nephewes in chace,
And by her Example,
Her Father to trample
The old and ample
Earth, leave the aire,
Neptune the Water,
The Wine *Liber Pater*,
And *Mars* the slaughter,
To follow the Hare.

4. Light god *Cupid* was hors'd upon *Pegasus*,
Borrow'd of *Muses* with kisses and prayers,
Strong *Alcides* upon cloudy *Caucasus*,
Mounts a Centaure that proudly him beares.

Postillian of the skye,
Light heel'd *Mercury*,
Makes his Courser fly
Fleet as the aire,
Yellow *Apollo*,
The Kennel doth follow,
And whoop and hollow
After the hare.

Hymen ushers the Ladies; *Astræa*
The Just, took hands with *Minerva* the bold,
Ceres the brown, with bright *Cytherea*,
With *Thetis* the wanton, *Bellona* the old,
Shamefac't *Aurora*,
With subtil *Pandora*,
And *May* with *Flora*,
Did company beare,
Juno was stated,
Too high to be mated,
But yet she hated
Not hunting the hare.

6. Drown'd *Narcissus*, from his *Metamorphosis*
Rais'd by Eccho, new manhood did take;
Snoring *Somnus* upstarted in *Cineris*,
That this thousand year was not awake,
To see club-footed
Old *Mulciber* booted,

And *Pan* promoted
On *Chiron* Mare
Proud *Faunus* pouted,
And *Æolus* flouted,
And *Momus* flouted,
But follow'd the Hare.

Deep *Atlampus*, and cunning *Ichnobates*,
Nape, and *Tigre*, and *Harpye* the skyes
Rent wit roaring,
Whilst huntsman-like *Hercules*
Winds the plentifull horne to their eyes.
Till with varieties
To solace their Pieties
The wary Deities
Repos'd them where
We shepheards were seated,
And there we repeated,
What we conceited
Of their hunting the Hare.

Young *Amintas* suppos'd the Gods came to breath
(After some battels) themselves on the ground,
Thirsis thought the stars came to dwell here beneath,
And that hereafter the earth would go round,
Coridon aged,
With *Phillis* ingaged
Was much inraged
With jealous despaire;

But fury vaded,
And he was perswaded,
When I thus applauded
Their hunting the Hare.

9. Starr's but Shadows were, state were but sorrow
Had they no Motion, nor that no delight;
Joyes are Jovial, delight is the marrow
Of life, and Action the Axle of might.
Pleasure depends
Upon no other friends,
And yet freely lends
To each vertue a share,
Only as measures,
The Jewell of pleasures,
Of pleasure the treasures
Of hunting the Hare.

10. Three broad Bowles to the Olympical Rector,
His *Troy* borne Eagle he brings on his knee,
Jove to *Phœbus* Carowses in *Nectar*,
And he to *Hermes*, and *Hermes* to me,
Wherewith infused,
I pip'd and I mused,
In songs unused
This sport to declare,
And that the Rouse of *Jove*,

Round

Round as his Sphere may move,
Health to all that love.
Hunting the Hare.

The Reading Beauty.

1. AS to these lines she lent a lovely look,
Whereon not minding me she mused,
Her faire Aspect became my book,
And I her eyes (as they these lines) perused:
Love songs she read, to learn what love should be,
And faster than she read she taught it me.

2. For as no studyed rules like starrs above
Can teach the knowledg of the skyes,
To dive into the depth of love,
There is no rule, no learning like her Eyes:
Why stoops she then to things below her reach?
Why reads she love, that she her self can teach?

3. Alas though we no other learning need
In love, that may behold her face,
She seeing not her selfe must read,
To see what we so much desire to embrace,
O that her selfe she saw: but O why so?
She otherwise her self too much doth know.

4. Some nicer lover would to see her muse
Bare envy to that happy book
Whereon she seems to doate, and use
To grant her stander by but halfe her locke:
But such to me let her aspect be still,
If one eye wounds so sore, two eyes will kill.

A

The more then Faire.

1. BE more kind than you are,
Sweet love, or else lesse faire,
So shall I feel lesse care,
And yourbe no lesse rare.
To wound the heare,
Is beauties part;
But to restore
The love-sick sore,
Is to be more than faire.

2. If possible it were
Not to be what you are,
Be more kind, or lesse faire,
Use lips, and eyes forbeare,
Your smiles are Lures,

My eyes adore,
But lipps implore:
The kind are more than faire.

3. The Beauteous are not faire,
Whose coyness breeds despaire;
But those that freindly are,
Are beauteous, though not faire,
Since to be kind,
A beauteous mind,
Doth best explore;
Be kind therefore,
And be far more than faire.

4. No longer let my care
Consume my love in aire,
But kindnesse to me bare,
That I may say and swear
Of such as are
But only faire,
I knew before,
The world had store:
But you are more than faire.

5. Bright eyes and smiles to beare,
Is but a common weare:
If you without compare,
Will beas kind as faire,

And make me then
More blessed than men,
As far as ore,
Your sexes store,
Your selfe are more than faire.

Of Jonny *and* Jinny.

1. THe pretty sweet *Jinny* sate on a Hill,
Where *Jonny* the swain her see,
He tun'd his quill, and sung to her still.
Whoop Jinny *come down to me.*

2. Though *Jonny* the valley, and *Jinny* the Hill,
Kept far above his degree,
He bore her good will, and sung to her still,
Whoop Jinny *come down to me.*

3. But high was she seated, and so was she minded,
His heart was humble as he;
Her pride had her blinded, his love had him bended,
Whoop Jinny, *&c.*

4. The mountain is bare, and subject to aire,
Here meddowes, here shaddowes be;
There burneth the Sun, here Rivers do run.
Whoop Jinny *&c.*

5. All

5. All flowers do grace the vallyes green face,
The mountain hath none but thee;
Why wilt thou grow there, and all the reſt here?
Whoop Jinny *&c.*

6. *Narciſſus* his roſe, *Adonis* here growes,
That may thy examples be,
Since they became ſlaine, for pride and diſdaine,
Whoop Jinny *&c.*

7. There *Jinny* keeps ſheep, here *Jonny* will keep
Thy ſelfe and thy flock for thee;
If *Jonny* be worthy to keep thy flock for thee,
Whoop Jinny *&c.*

8. But pretty ſweet *Jinny* was lov'd of ſo many,
That little delight had ſhe
To think upon *Jonny*, that thought her ſo bonny,
Whoop Jinny *&c.*

9. Though *Jinny* thought ill of *Jonny*'s good will,
Yet *Jonny* to *Jinny* was free;
He followes quill, and he hollowes her ſtill,
Whoop Jinny *come down to me.*

A Song.

1. O Love whose force and might
No power ere withstood,
Thou forcest me to write,
Come turne about Robbin hood.

2. Her Cresses that were wrought
Most like the golden snare,
My loving heart has caught,
As *Mars* did catch the Mare.

3. Grant pitty, else I dye,
Love so my heart bewitches,
With griefe I'le howle and cry,
O how my elbow Itches.

4. Teares overflow my sight
With Floods of daily weeping,
That in the silent night
I cannot rest for sleeping.

5. What is't I would not do
To purchase one sweet smile;
Bid me to *China* go,
Faith I'le sit still the while.

6. But

6. But since that all relieſe
And comfort doth forſake me,
I'le kill my ſelf with grief,
Nay then the Devil take me.

7. Mark well my dolefull hap,
Jove, Rector of the Thunder,
Send down a fiery clap,
And tear her ſmock aſunder.

The *Rhodomontade*, And his *Wife*.

I Le tell you of a Lout,
With a Noſe like a Spout,
Which ſome call a ſnout,
And was ſo ſtout,
That he had often fought,
Full many a bout,
With many a ſcout,
And at 'em would ſhout,
Then put 'um to th' rout,
Nay beat 'em to a clout.
Though in a great drought,
At men he would ſtout,
And at women would pout,
His food ſtill was grout.

(*Grace*

HIs Wife's name was
And had a good Face
Yet had but little grace,
Shee'd kiſs in any place,
Nay, ſo gather a brace,
Which ſome ſay is baſe,
And ſome did her chaſe
Into a pitifull caſe,
She lov'd Gloves and Mace
He father car'd the Mace
For the Major in a place
She ſtill wears lace,
And will keep an her pace
Wher ſhe runs a race

For

Which bred him the gout
He was a true trout
To good Ale when he mout
And did allways allow't
This you must not doubt
I've heard him to vow't
As he went in and out.

For a very great space
She fishes with a dace
When she takes any place
When she dances she'l trace
She'l not bate you an ace
Of the truth of this she says.

The Sonne Jack.

Their sons name was Jack
Who was very black
And got many a knack
And seldome did lack
Unlesse Milk cal'd lac
At Cordes he would pack
And was counted a quack
Nay, bin brought to the rack
For firing a stack
Of corn, in a back
Side, like a mad hack
Made's bones to crack
Nay sometimes to cack
Till they gave him som sack
Nay, they held him tack
And did him thwack
And never did slack
Till he went to wrack
(smack
Yet with's lips he would
And this is trut of Jack.

The Daughter Nel.

Their daughters nams Nel
Who poor thing did dwell
Full long in a Cell
And there twas she fell
That one rang her knell
Being fallen into Hell
The devills to quell
And there I do smell
That she then did sell
Her ware very well
She made 'em to yell
And likewise to swell
So they writ on a Shell
A very great Spell
As long as an ell
That she bore away the bell
For abusing in hell
She had no paralell
All this her self did tell,
And all done by Nell.

A Song.

Come hang up your care, and cast away sorrow,
Drink on, hee's a sot that re thinks of to morrow:
Good store of Terse-Claret supplyes every thing,
For a man that is drunk is as great as a King;
Let no one with Crosses, or Losses repine,
But take a full dose of the juice of the Wine.
Diseases and troubles are nere to be found,
But in the damp place where the glass goes not round.

A SONG.

The Tune, *I'le go no more to the New Exchange.*

NEver will I wed a Girle that's coy,
Nor one that is too free,
But she alone shall be my joy,
That keeps a mean to me;
For if too Coy, then I must court
For a kisse as well as any,
And if too free, I fear o'th' Sport
I then may have too many.

Nelly

2. *Nelly* a Girle was proud and coy,
But what good got she by it ?
VVhen they'd a mind to kisse and toy,
Then shee'd be still unquiet;
For of the four or five she had,
They all have left her now;
Her impertinent tricks did make 'em madd,
And so twou'd me, or you.

3. *Nanny* was a Lasse that was too free,
And amorous withall;
Shee'd ne're with any disagree,
But ready at their call;
That some her freeness did impute
Unto good nature in her,
Others have said, without dispute
Shee'd prove a private sinner.

4. Then for a Girle, that's not too free,
Or Coy, but at my call;
Yet handsome I wou'd have her be,
And oblieging unto all;
That I may never say I have wed
A Girle that's starcht with Pride,
Or fool, or ugly, or ill bred,
I'de rather want a Bride.

An

An Invitation to enjoyment.

1. COme, O come, I brook no ſtay,
He doth not love that can delay.
See how the ſtealing night,
Hath blotted out the light,
And Tapers do ſupply the day.

3. See the firſt Tapers almoſt gone;
Thy flame like that will ſtrait be none,
And I as it expire,
Not able to hold fire,
She looſeth time that lyes alone

4. O let us cheriſh then theſe powers,
Whilſt we may yet call them ours;
Then we beſt ſpend our time,
When no dull zealous Chime,
But ſprightful kiſſes ſtrike the houres.

The Rurall Dance about the May-pole.

The Tune, the first Figure dance at Mr. Young's *Ball in* May *1671.*

1. COme lasses and ladds,
Take leave of your Dadds,
And away to the *May-pole* hey;
For every he
Has got him a she
With a Minstrill standing by;
For *Willy* has gotten his *Jill*,
And *Jonny* has got his *Jone*,
To jigg it, jigg it, jigg it, jigg it,
Jigg it up and down.

2. Strike up sayes *Will*,
Agreed sayes *Kate*,
And I prethee Fidler play,
Content sayes *Hodge*,
And so sayes *Madge*,
For this is a Holliday.
Then every man did put
His Hat off to his Lasse,
And every Girle did curchy,
Curchy, curchy on the Grasse.

Begin

3. Begin ſayes *Hall*,
I, I, ſays *Mall*,
Wee'l lead up *Packington* pound,
No no, ſays *Noll*,
And ſo ſays *Doll*,
Wee'l firſt have *Sellengers* round,
Then every man began to foot it round about,
And every Girle did jet it, jet it, jet it in and out,

4. Y'are out, ſays *Dick*,
Tis a lye, ſays *Nick*,
The Fiſter playd it falſe,
Tis true, ſays *Hugh*,
And ſo ſays *Sue*,
And ſo ſays nimble *Alice*,
The Fidler then began to play the Tune agen,
And every Girle did trip it, trip it, trip it to the men.

Lets kiſs, ſays *June*,
Content, ſays *Nue*,
And ſo ſays every ſhe,

How many says *Batt*,
Why three says *Matt*,
For that's a maidens fee,
But they instead of three did give 'em halfe a score
And they inkindnesse gave 'em, gave 'em, gave 'em
(as many more

6. Then after an hour
They went to a bower
And play'd for Ale and Cakes,
And kisses too
Untill they were due,
The Lasses kept the stakes.
The Girles did then begin to quarrel with the men
And bid 'em take their kisses back and give 'em their
(own agen

7. Yet there they sate,
Until it was late
And eye'd the Fidler quite,
With singing and playing,
Without any paying
From morning untill night.
They told the fidler then they'd pay him for his play
And each a 2 pence, 2 pence, 2 pence gave him
(and went away

The unconstant Lover.

The Tune, the second Figure dance at Mr. Young's Ball *May* 1671.

1. NOw out upon this constant love,
I never was unto't inclin'd,
I hate within that Sphear to move,
Where I to one must be confin'd.
I love to range about, and gaze,
And often haunt the parke and playes,
A purpose for a Mistress new,
Then bid the old one quite adue.

2. For he's for me, and only he
That's constant to unconstancie;
A day or two I can approve,
But after that farewell to love:
For every thing's to change inclin'd,
As Women, and the Moon, and wind;
Then why not wee as well as they,
Since they have shew'd us all the way.

3. For constancie in Love is thought
To bring poor Lovers to their end;
Then constancy in Love is naught,
When change brings every day a friend.

The constant fool is whining still,
But never can his fancy fill;
Whilst we can sing, and sport, and play,
And change our pleasure every day.

The Drinking Song, [illegible] Mistresses, [illegible] furnisht them with wine, and t'other with money.

The Tune, The Gang.

COme boyes, leave off your toyes,
And troole about the sack;
We know 'tis good to chear the blood,
And fortifie the back.
'Tis that will make you fat,
And cherrish still the braine;
Nay studd the face with such a grace,
Like Rubies dy'd in grain.

2. Drink about, 'till all be out
The drawer will fill't agen,
A Pox o'th' Watch, ne're shut the hatch,
The clock has struck but ten;
Then a glasse to th' Jovial lasse,
That fill'd our pates with wine;
And here's another to the tother,
That furnish't us with Coine.

3. Come drink, we want no chink,
Hark how my pockets sound,
Away with't then, come too't agen,
Begin another round;

Then *Jack*, this Glass of Sack
Unto thy pretty *Nell*;
And here's to thine, this bowle of wine,
Dear *Tom*, thou lov'st so well.

4. Come says one, lets all be gone,
For our pates are throughly lin'd;
Yet he was bang'd, nay some say hang'd,
That left his drink behind;
Then all, began to call,
Come drawer what's to pay?
Each took the cup, and drank it up,
And so they went away.

A Song.

1. LEt Fortune and *Phillis* frown if they please,
I'le no more on their Deities call,
Nor trouble the Fates, but give my self ease,
And be happy in spight of 'em all,
I will have my *Phillis*, if I once go about her,
Or if I have not, I'le live better without her.

2. If she prove vertuous, oblieging and kind,
Perhaps I'le vouchsafe for to love her,
But if Pride or Inconstancy in her I find,
I'de have her to know, I'me above her,

For

For at length I have learn't, now my fetters are gone,
To love if I please, or to let it alone.

A SONG.

1. AS I walkt in the woods one eveping of late,
A Lass was deploring her hapless estate,
In a languishing posture poor maid she appear'd,
All swell'd with her sighs, and blub'd with her tears,
She sigh'd and she sob'd, and I found it was all,
For a little of that which *Harry* gave *Doll*.

2. At last she broke out, wretched she said,
Will no youth come succour a languishing maid,
With what he with ease and with pleasure may give,
Without which alas poor I cannot live.
Shall I never leave sighing and crying and all,
For a little of that which *Harry* gave *Doll*.

3. At first when I saw a young man in the place,
My colour wou'd fade, and then flush in my Face,
My breath wou'd grow short, and I shiver'd all o're,
My breasts never popt up and down so before,
I scarce knew for what, but now find it was all,
For a little of that which *Harry* gave *Doll*.

A Song.

O The sad Day
When friends shall shake their heads, and say
Of miserable me;
Hark how he Groans,
Look how he pants for breath,
See see how he struggles with the pangs of Death,
When they shall say of these dear Eyes,
How hollow and how dim they be,
Marke how his breast doth swell and rise
Against his potent enemy:
When some old friend shall step to my beds side,
And touch my chill face, & thence shall gently slide,
But when his next companions say,
How does he do, what hopes? shall turne away,
Answering only with a lift up hand,
Who who can his fate withstand?
Then shall a Gaspe or two do more
Than e're my Rhetorick could before,
Perswade the World to trouble me no more, no more,
Perswade the world to trouble me no more.

A Song.

O Sorrow, Sorrow, say where dost thou dwell?
In the lowest room of Hell:
Art thou born of Humane race?
No, no, I have a furial face:
Art thou of City, or Town, or Court?
I to every place resort.
Why, O why, into the world was sorrow sent?
Men afflicted best repent.
What dost thou feed on? Broken sleep,
What takest thou pleasure in? to weep,
To sob, to pine, to groane,
To wring my hands, to sit alone.
When, O when, shall sorrow quiet have?
Never, never, never, never,
Never till she finds a grave,
Never 'till she finds a grave.

A Song.

CHeare up my Mate's, the wind does fairly blow,
Clap on more saile, and never spare;
Farewell all Lands, for now we are
In the wide Sea of Drink,

And

And merrily, merrily, merrily we go.
Blesse me 'tis hot, another bowle of Wine,
And we shall Cut the burning Line.
Hey boyes she scuds away,
And by my head I know,
We round the world are sailing now.
What dulmen are those to tarry at home,
When abroad they may wantonly roame,
And gain such experience, and spie to
Such countries and wonders as I do?
But prethee good *Pilot* take heed what you do,
And fail not to touch at *Peru*;
With Gold there the vessel wee'l store,
And never never be poor,
No never be poor any more.

The foolish proud Lover.

1. NOr Love, nor Fate, can I accuse of hate,
That my *Clarinda* now is from me gone;
But I confesse, 'tis my unworthiness
That I in sorrow thus am left alone:
I doated on her, and thought to 'a won her,
But wo is me I still must think upon her,
Which is the cause of all my smart;

She

She lookt so pretty, and talkt so wirty,
None that ere I saw in Town or in City
Ere like her could thus surprize my heart.

2. Had I set my heart, to have lov'd her but in part,
As only to enjoy her angels face,
Her curious eye, or cheeks of rosie die,
Or lip, or any one peculiar grace,
But my sad refusing one, must all be loosing.
O that I had us'd discretion in my chusing,
Then I might a liv'd, and not a dy'd:
But like *Icarus* I by soaring up too high,
With his waxen wings so nere the Sun to fly,
Am justly punisht for my foolish pride.

O you *Powers* Divine, I'le offer at your shrine,
If you will grant me this when I am gone;
That no punishment on her her may e're be sent,
The fault was only mine, and mine alone:
Also I do crave, this benefit to have,
That this *Motto* may be fixt upon my grave;
Here's lyes one by foolish pride was shine,
That who ere comes near may gently shed a tear
On my Hearse, and say, O 'twas severe,
So small offence should breed such mickle paine.

On

On his Mistresse's Garden of Herbs.

HEarts-ease, an herb that sometimes hath bin seen
In my Loves garden plot to flourish green,
Is dead and wither'd with a wind of woe,
And bitter *Rue* in place thereof doth grow:
The cause I find to be, because I did
Neglect the Herb call'd *Time*, which now doth bid
Me never hope, nor look once more againe
To gaine *Hearts-ease*, to ease my heart of paine,
One hope is this, in this my woful case,
My *Rue*, though bitter, may prove Herbe of grace.

The Italian Pedlar.

1. MAids see what you lack
Ere I open my pack,
For here is that will please you;
Do you dreame in your beds,
Or with your Maiden-heads
Be you troubled, I will ease you.

2. Is there any one among
These marry'd men strong,
Has a head of his Wives making?

I have capps to be worne, that shall cover his horne,
And keep his brow from skaing.

3. Does any man mistrust, that his wife is unjust,
Or that she loves to be ranging?
I have that in my box, which exceeds *Italian* locks,
'Twill keep her Chast: that's a strange thing.

4. Is there any woman here, has bin married a year,
And not bin made a Mother?
I have that at my back, shall supply her of that lack,
And I'le use her for't, like a Brother.

5. I have fine Gloves for you and your Loves,
Bands, Handkerchers, and Laces;
And I've Knots and Roses, and many pretty posies,
And masks for your bad faces.

6. I have fine bodkins too, that I can furnish you,
To keep your Coifes from rearing,
And I have precious stones, ordained for the nones,
Will delight you in the wearing.

7. I have that wherewith if you well rub your Teeth,
They will look like Alabaster;
And powder for your hair, that will make you look
I wonder you come no faster.

8. Then

Then come away, and do not stay;
For hence I must I tell you,
or when that I am gone, you will hardly find one
That such precious Ware can sell you.

In praise of the Black-Jack.

1. BE your liquor small, or as thick as mudd,
The chearing bottle cryes, good, good, good,
Whereat the master begins to storme,
'Cause he said more than he could performe,
And I wish that his heires may never want Sack,
That first devis'd the bonny black Jack.

2. No Tankerd, Flaggon, Bottle nor Jugg
Are halfe so good, or so well can hold Tugg,
For when they are broke or full of cracks,
Then they must fly to the brave black Jacks,
And I wish that his, &c.

3. When the Bottle and Jack stands together,
The Bottle looks just like a dwarfe to a Gyant;
Then had we never a Jack to chuse,
For this I make Boots, when the Bottle mends shoes,
And I wish &c.

4. And

4. And as for the bottle you never can fill it,
Without a Tunnell, but you must spill it,
'Tis as hard to get, in as 'tis to get out:
Tis not so with a Jack, for it runs like a spout.

5. And when we have drank out all our store,
The Jack goes for Barme to brew us some more;
And when our Stomacks with hunger have blech,
Then it marches for more to make us some bread.
And I wish &c.

6. I now will cease to speak of the Jack,
But hope his assistance I never shall lack,
And I hope that now every honest man,
Instead of Jack will y'clip him *John*,
And I wish that his horn may never want Sack,
That first devis'd the horny black Jack.

A SONG.

1. *Celia* I lov'd thee
Though in vain you boast;
But since I have prov'd thee,
I find my labour lost,
Many may to love pretend;
But you will never find,
Seek country o're, try any freind,
One half so true, so kind;

2. Fare-

2. Farewell unkind one
Since you so designe
And see if you can find one
Whose love can equal mine,
If by chance you meet a man,
That may your fancy take,
Be wife, be kind, do what you can,
And love him for my sake,
Yet in your chiefest pleasure think
How my poor heart doth ake.

The Jealous, but mistaken Girle.

To the Scotch *tune also.*

1. PRethee tell me *Phillis*,
Why so pensive now,
I see that sadness still is
Fixt upon thy brow;
And those charming eyes
That were of late so bright,
In sighs and tears,
And other fears,
Have almost lost their sight;
Let this suffice,
I sympathize
With thee both day and night.

2. *Damon* dost thou aske it,
Thou art the cause of all,
Therefore do not mask it,
For thou hast wrought my fall;
For I gave thee a Ring
Which thou hast *Celia* gave,
Our true-loves band,
Twas on her hand,
Which Ring thy life did save;

But wo is me,
Thy falsitie
Has brought me to my grave.

3. *Damon* then began
On *Phillis* for to smile,
She call'd him perjur'd man,
And should no more beguile,
No my dearest *Phill*,
I blame thy Jealousie,
Our true-loves band
Is on my hand
Which thou didst give to me;
And *Cupides*
Made *Celia* one,
By that which came from thee.

4. Long she sate ashamed,
And hid her bashfull head,
Her jealousie she blamed,
And said she was but dead,
Unlesse that gentle *Damon*
Pardon this offence,
And let me rest
Upon his brest,
And there my suite commence,
I shall not doubt
To sue it out
Before I came from thence.

5. Then he did embrace her,
And gave her kisses store,
And vow'd that he would place her
Where none was ere before,
That is, within his heart,
Which none shou'd e're remove,
In spite of fate
Would be her mate,
And constant be in love;
And I say she
As true to thee,
As is the Turtle-Dove.

The Faire but Cruel Girle.

1. THe *Nymph* that undoes me is fair and unkind,
No lesse than a wonder by nature design'd;
She's the grief of my heart, but joy of my eye,
The cause of my flame, that never can dye.

2. Her Lips, from whence wit obligingly flowes,
Has the colour of Cherryes, and smell of the Rose;
Love and Destiny both attends on her will,
She saves with a smile, with a frown she can kill.

3. The deſperate Lover can hope no redreſſe;
Where beauty and rigour, are both in exceſſe:
In *Calia* they meet, ſo unhappy am I,
Who ſees her muſt love, who loves her muſt die.

The Bathing Girles:

To the common Galliard Tune.

1. IT was in *June*, and 'twas on *Barnaby* Bright too
A time when the days are long, and nights ar
(ſhor
A crew of merry Girles, and that in the night too,
Reſolv'd to waſh in a river, and there to ſport;
And there (poore things) they then reſolv'd to b
(merry too
And with them did bring good ſtore of ju
(ketting ſtuff
As Biſket, and Cakes, and Suger, and Syder, a
(Perry too
Of each ſuch a quantity, that was more th
(enough

2. But mark what chanc't unto this innocent cre
(thei
Wh

Who thought themselves secure from any eare;
They knew 'twas dark, that none cou'd take a view
(then,
And all did seem to be voyd of any feare;
Then every one uncas'd themselves, both smock & all
And each expected first who should begin;
And that they might stay but an houre, they told the
(Clock and all:
Then all in a Te-he-ing vaine did enter in.

3. But now comes out the Tale I meant to tell ye,
For a Crew of Jovial Lads were there before,
And finding there some viands for their belly,
They eas'd 'em then poor hearts of all their store;
Then every Lad sate down upon the Grasse there,
And whisper'd thanks to th' Girls for their good
(Cheare,
In which they drank a health to every Lass there,
That then were washing & rinsing without any fear.

4. And when they had pleas'd (and fill'd) their
(bellies and pallats too,
They back did come unto the forefaid place,
And took away their Smocks, and both their Wal-
(lets too,
Which brought their good Bubb, and left them in
(pitiful case,

For presently they all came out toth' larder there,
That it put 'em unto their shifts their Smocks to find;
I think, says one, my shift is a little farder there,
I, I, says another, for yours did lye by mine.

5. At last, says one, the Divel a smock is here at all,
The Devil a bit of bread or drop of drink,
They've took every morsel of our good cheare and (all
And nothing but Gowns and Petticoats left, as I (think,
At last, says one, if they'd give us our Smocks agen,
And likewise part of what we hither brought,
We shall be much oblieg'd and think 'em Gentlemen,
And by this foolish example be better taught.

6. Although in the River they were as many as crickets there,
Twixt laughing and fretting their state they did (condole,
And then came one of the Lads from out of the thick-(ets there,
And told 'em heed bring 'em their smocks, and what (was stole;
They only with Petticoats on, like Jipsies were (clad then,
He brought 'em their Smocks, and what he had pro-(mis'd before;

They

They fell to eat, and drink as if they'd been mad
(there,
And glad they were all, they'd got so much of their
(store.

7. And when they all had made a good repast
(there,
They put on their cloths, and all resolv'd to be gone,
Then out comes all the lads in very great haste there,
And every one to the other then was known.
The girles did then conjure the lads that were there,
To what had past their lipps should still be seal'd,
Nay more than that they made 'em all to swear
(there,
To which they did, that nothing should be reveal'd.

8. Then each at other did make a pass at kissing
(then,
And round it went to every one level to the
But thinking that at home they might be missing
(then,
And fear'd that they had stay'd too great a while,
Then hand in hand they altogether march'd away,
And every lad convey'd his Mistris home,
Agen they kist, then every lass her man did pray,
That what had past, no more of that be nam'd.

The unparalel'd Lady:

The Tune, *'Twixt Greece and Troy.*

1. WHen first I saw my *Calia's* face,
O how my heart was Inflam'd with love;
I deem'd her of no humane race,
But Angell-like drop't from above;
Her Star-like eyes with their Glim'ring glances
Then shin'd so bright,
Like the greatest Comet, when we look upon it
Till it takes away the sight.

2. Her Nose is like a Promontory,
Which over-looks some pleasant place,
Her Cheeks like Roses in their glory,
And Teeth of Oriental race;
Her Corall lipps, like the Cherryes when
They're growing on the Tree;
But the greatest Bliss is,
Thence to gather kisses,
Won'd the cropp belong'd to me.

3. And underneath her snow-white neck,
There you may find an Ivory Plaine,
On which two Christal mounts are set
Tipt with a Ruby-fount in graine,

This

This is the place, which formerly was
Call'd the milky-way.
O that I might tipple still
At such a Nipple,
And for ever there might stay.

4. Her hands are of so pure a white,
That with the Swan they dare to vie;
But when upon a Lute they light,
Then you will hear such Harmony:
But when her voice and that together
Then play their parts,
You'd think the Spheres united,
And thither had invited
All, to Captivate their hearts.

5. Her feet were so Epitomiz'd,
Like peeping-mice did still appear,
That all the crew were then surpriz'd
To see her dance a measure there;
She mov'd so well, you'd think she had not
Danc't then, but flown:
I would spend a Talent,
For to be her Gallant,
And call her still mine own.

The Politick Girle.

The Tune *The Duke of Monmouths Jigge.*

1. MY dearest *Kate*, prethee be but constant now,
And whatsoe're is past, I shall forget I vow;
Do thou be kind, and give me but thy hand upon't,
And for my faith thou need'st not doubt or stand (upon't;
I'le furnish thee with all the Cakes in season still,
And whatsoe're thou shalt desire in reason still,
Nay more than that, thy Annal due I'le pay to thee,
And in all moderate things will still give way to thee.

2. I must confess thy Pension came but slow of late,
Which is the cause I think that thou didst change thy (mate;
For when the Sinewy-part of love is took away,
We know the strength thereof will lessen every day:
But now thou know'st the Tide is turn'd my Bonny (*Kate*,
My fathers dead, and we shall want no money *Kate*;
For he by Will has made me heire of all my dear,
That we no more in debt I hope shall fall my dear.

3. Thou

3. Thou seest how plainly now I've told my mind (to thee,
And also find'st that I will still be kind to thee;
What Remora then can stop the course of joining (now
Our hearts and hands, come *Kary* no repining now,
She told him then, do you forgive but my past faults,
And I will likewise pardon all your by past faults,
He call'd her then his Mistris and his goddess to,
And then they join'd their hands & lip's & body to.

(agree.

4. Thus have you seen this jarring couple now
And all mistakes are now knit up in Amitie,
She slighted all addresses he did make to her,
Because she found his purse could never speak to her;
But when she saw the Ginny-birds to fly agen,
She then resolv'd the knot of love to tye agen,
And so 'twill last 'till all the birds are fled and gone,
Then march her self, and give it out she's dead and

(gone.

The Amorous Girle.

To the Tune of *The crab of the wood.*

1. THere's none so pretty,
As my sweet *Betty*,
She bears away the Bell;
For sweetness and neatness,
And all compleatness,
All other Girles doth excell.

2. When ever we meet,
Shee'l lovingly greet
Me still with a how dee' doe;
Well I thank you, quoth I,
Then she will reply,
So am I Sir the better for you.

3. I askt her how,
She told me, not now,
For walls had eares and eyes;
Nay she bid me take heed,
What ever I did,
For 'tis good to be merry and wise.

4. Then I took her by th' hand,
Which she did not withstand,

And

And I gave her a ſmirking kiſs;
She gave me another
Juſt like the tother;
Quoth I, what a comfort is this?

5. This put me in heart
To play o're my part
That I had intended before;
But ſhe bid me to hold,
And not be too bold,
Untill ſhe had faſtned the doore.

6. Then ſhe went to the Hatch,
To ſee that the Latch
And cranies were all cockſure,
And when ſhe had done,
She bid me come on,
For now we were both ſecure.

7. And what we did there,
I dare not declare,
But think that ſilence is beſt;
And if you will know,
Why I kiſt her, or ſo,
But I'le leave you to gueſs at the reſt.

The two vertuous Sisters.

The Tune *The Gun-fleet.*

1. MY Cozen *Moll*'s an arrant whore,
And so is her sister *Kate*,
They kickt their mother out o' dore,
And broke their Fathers pate;
And all because they crav'd a bit,
I mean a bit alone Sir,
For they with a bit would give 'em a knock,
That's a bit and a knock, or none Sir.

2. They'r cleanly too, I needs must say,
As any Girles i'th towne.
They sweep the house a new found way,
That's once a quarter round;
So fine 'tis kept, that when 'tis swept,
I speak it in their defence Sir,
'Twill yeild at a spurt, in dust and dirt,
Come fourteen or fifteen pence Sir.

3. So fine and neate they dresse their meat,
I thought it alwayes best
To let it alone, 'till all was gone,
And then to eat the rest;

For

For he that puts a bit in his guts,
And did but see the dressing,
No Physick could e're give a vomit so cleare,
Which I think is a notable blessing.

4. Some Whores are counted shifters to,
But they did hate 'em all,
They shift their Smocks with much adoe
But every Spring and Fall.
They say 'tis good to cleanse the blood,
And think 'em worth the turning,
And when they're black upon their back,
They call it inside mourning.

5. They will be drunk a little to,
I mean but twice a day,
They'l swear and roare, and drink and spew,
And then they down will lay;
And so they'l sleep, till day 'gin peep,
Then call for more by dozens,
And to my freind there's now an end
Of both my dirty Cozens.

The beneficial wedding.

The Tune, *Phil: Porters* dreame.

AND I have a mind to be marry'd,
And ſo has you know who,
Wee both too long have tarry'd,
And therefore I mean to woe:
Then I did give her a Buſs,
And ſhe gave me a ring,
And ſo we buſt, and kiſt and buſt,
And kiſt like any thing.

2. Her Grandſire gave her a Cow,
And her Grannam a Ewe and Lambe,
She ſay'd ſheed ſuckle it too,
Untill it had left the dam;
Her Uncle gave her a hogge,
Her Aunt a Teeming Sow,
For Bacon and ſowſe, to keep the houſe,
And make 'em puddings enow.

3. Her father gave her a Gowne,
Her Mother a *Petticote*,
Which was of a mingl'd brown,
The beſt that cou'd be bought;

Her

Her brother gave her a Cock,
And her ſiſter a breeding Hen,
To tread and breed, and breed and tread,
And tread, and breed agen.

3. Her Cozen took a Care,
To give her a Rug was new,
His wife did give her a paire
Of Sheets and Blankets too;
But ſhe had a ſpeciall friend
That was a young Upholſter,
You muſt not know the reaſon now,
Did give her a Bed, and a Bolſter.

4. A friend did give her a Waſtcoat,
And Hoſe, and Shooes, and Hat,
Another did give her a lac't Coat,
But 'tis no matter for that
So long as 'tis our own,
No matter how it come,
They keep her fine, and give her VVine,
But no more of that but Mum.

5. Another did take her a houſe,
and pay'd a Twelvemonths Rent,
And furniſh'd me and my ſpouſe
With what at the Wedding was ſpent;

Then we desir'd to know,
What trade we both should drive;
They say'd good Ale wou'd never fail
If ever we meant to thrive.

6. We both are fitted now I think,
With store of houshold stuff,
And likewise cloths and meat and drink
As much as is enough;
But if we chance to want,
My Wife has store of freinds,
Which I connive at, because they'r private,
And so our Wedding ends.

A SONG.

1. GEt you gone, you will undo me,
If you love me don't pursue me,
Let that inclination perish,
Which I dare no longer cherrish,
Be content y'ave won the field,
'Twere base to hurt me, now I yield.

2. With harmless thoughts I did begin,
But in the crow'd love enterr'd in
I knew him not, he was so gay,
So innocent, so full of play.

Is ported thus with young desire,
Chear'd with his light, freed from his fire.

3. But now his teeth and clawes are grown,
Let me this fatal Lyon shun;
You found me harmless, leave me so,
For were I not, you'd leave me too;
But when you change remember still,
'Twas my misfortune not my will.

A SONG.

Being an Answer to give o're foolish heart, or were the Gods so severe, and to that Tune.

1. HE's a fool in his heart, that takes any care
Of Womens vain words be they never so fair,
Though she sighs and pretends unto Love ne'r so long,
Shee's double in heart, and betrays with her Tongue:
They still are as false as they were heretofore,
Their nature is such, they can ne'r give it o're.

2. They would by their craft's of which they have store,
Inveigle mens hearts their looks to adore;

And if they once find they cannot prevail;
Overcharg'd with despight their faces grow pale;
There's nothing that can their fancy please more,
Than to see foolish men their feature adore.

3. They would by their frowns to obsrvance perswade,
The men they do fancy their slaves they have made,
And to be sure they will Tyranize more,
If a man do but once their pitty implore.
Why then should we men frail Women adore,
Since their pride is so great and their pitty no more,

4. But sure all that Sex can ne'r prove so vain,
To sport or delight in a true-lovers pain;
When a languishing eye in a Lover they view
To their cruelty sure, they must needs bid adieu;
Where good humour I find, I there will adore,
Say the world what it will, I will never give o're.

A mock to the Song of Harry *gave* Doll,
and to that Tune.

1. AS I walk't in the woods one Evening of late,
A Girl was deploring her hapless estate,

Sh

She sigh'd and she sob'd; Ah! wretched she said,
Will no youth come succour a languishing Maid?
Shall I sigh and cry, and look pale and wan,
And languish for ever for want of a man?
Shall I sigh and cry and look pale and wan,
And languish &c.

2. Alas when I saw a young man in the place,
My colour did fade and then flusht in my face,
My breath would grow short, and I shiver'd all o're,
I thought 'twas an Ague, but alas it was more.
For e're since I have sigh'd, and do what I can,
I find I must Languish for want of a man;
For e're since I have sigh'd, and do what I can,
I find I must, &c.

3. In bed all the night, I weep on my pillow,
To see some Maids happy, whilst I wear the Willow,
I revenge my self on the innocent sheet,
Wherein I have oft made my teeth for to meet.
But I fear 'tis in vain, let me do what I can,
I must languish for ever for want of a man;
But in my dispair, I'le dye if I can
And languish no longer for want of a man.

A Love Song.

1. HOw charming are those pleasant pains,
Which the successful lover gains.
O! how the Longing spirit flyes,
On scorching sighs from dying eyes,
Whose intermixing rayes impart,
Loves welcome message from the heart?

2. Then how the Active pulse growes warm
To every sense gives the allarm
But oh the rashness, and the qualmes
When Love unites the melting Palmes!
What extasies, what hopes and feares,
What pretty talk, and Amorous tears?

3. To these a thousand vows succeed,
And then, O me, still we proceed,
'Till sense and souls are bathed in bliss,
Think dear *Aminda* think on this,
And curse those hours we did not prove
The ravishing delights of Love.

A

A New SONG.

Marriage All a Mode.

1. WHilst *Alixis* lay prest
In her armes he lov'd best,
With his hands round her Neck,
And his head on her breast.
He found the fierce pleasure too hasty to stay,
And his soul in the tempest just flying away.

2.
When *Cœlia* saw this,
With a sigh and a kiss,
She cry'd, oh my dear, I am rob'd of my bliss;
'Tis unkind to your love, and unfaithfully done
To leave me behind you, and dye all alone.

3.
The youth though in hast,
And breathing his last,
In pitty dyed slowly, whilst she dyed more fast;
'Till at length she cry'd, now my Dear, now let us go,
Now dye my *Alixis*, and I will die too.

4.

Thus intranc'd they did lye;
Till *Alixis* did try,
To recover new breath, that again he might dye;
Then often they did, but the more they did so,
The Nymph did more quick, and the shepherd more slow.

The first new Song in Marriage All a Mode.

1. O Love if e're thou'lt ease a heart,
That owns the Power Divine,
That bleeds with thy too cruel dart,
And pines with never ceasing smart,
Take pitty now on mine.
Under the shades I fainting lye,
A thousand times I wish to dye;
But when I find cold death so nigh,
I grieve to lose my pleasing pain,
And call my wishes back again.

2. But thus as I sate all alone
I'th shady myrtle grove,
And to each gentle sigh and moan,
Some neighbouring Eccho gave a grone,

Came

Came by the man I love.
O how I strove my grief to hide?
I panted, Blusht, and almost dyed',
And did each tatling Eccho chide,
For fear some breath of moving Air
Should to his Ears my sorrows bear.

3. But, O ye Powers, I'de dye to gain,
But one poor parting kiss;
And yet I'de be on racks of pain
Ere I'le one thought or wish retain
Which honour thinks amiss:
Thus are poor maids unkindly us'd,
By love and nature both abus'd,
Our tender hearts all ease refus'd,
And when we burn with secret flame
Must bear the grief, or dye with shame.

To the Tune of *I past all my hours in a shady old Grove.*

1. I Posted my self by the wings of my fate,
Through a Desart complaining the loss of my (mate,

Where

Where the little Birds throng'd in flights they (appear,
For to help me lament the loss of my Dear;
Then pitty, O pitty, sweet Ladies my pain
That loveth, that loveth in vain.

2. Each hour they befriended me in making my (Bed,
And brings me green leaves to lay under my head,
Where I rest my poor Carkess o're tyr'd with woe,
And the boughes all the Covering the wood can (bestow.
Then pitty, &c.

3. Sometimes in a Dream I imagine I see
The glance of his Figure presented to me;
When I think I embrace her in *Phillis*'s bed,
But when I awake, O my true love is fled,
Then pitty, &c.

Then I wish't I had layn all my dayes in a dream,
That my tortured sorrows like pleasures might seem
To Crown my poor heart as if *Phillis* was found,
But lost on a suddain, oh the cruel wound,
Then pitty, &c.

A Theatre Song.

I Muſt confeſs not many years ago,
Twas death when e're my Miſtreſs anſwear'd no;
Then I was ſubject to her Female yoak,
And ſtood or fell by every word ſhe ſpoke;
But now I find the Intregues of love to be,
Nought but the Follies of our infancy.

2. I can a Rich or handſome Lady Court,
Either for my convenience or for ſport;
But if the one be proud or the other Coy,
I cannot break my ſleep for ſuch a Toy;
My heart is now for all aſſaults prepar'd,
And will not be commanded or inſnar'd.

The new Song in Charles *the eighth ſet by* Mr Pelham Humphrey's.

OH love if ere thou wilt eaſe a heart
That ownes thy power Divine,
And bleeds with thy too cruel dart,
Take pitty now on mine;
Under thy Shades I fainting lye,
A thouſand times I wiſh'd to die;
But when I find cold death too nigh,

I grieve to lose my pleasing pain
And call my wishes back again.

And thus as I sat all alone
In the shady mirtle Grove;
And to each gentle sigh and moan
Some neighbouring Eccho gave a groan,
Came by the man I love;
O how I strove my greif to hide,
I panted, blusht and almost dyed.
And did each tatling Ecchoe chide,
For fear some breath of moving air
Should to his ears my sorrow bear.

And Oh you powers, I dye to gain
But one poor panting kiss,
Glad yet I'de be on racks of paine,
Ere I'de one thought or wish retain
That honour thinks amiss:
Thus are poor maids unkindly us'd,
By love and nature both abus'd,
Our tender hearts all ease refuse;
And when we burn with secret flame,
Must bear our greifs, or dye with shame.

On his Mistris that lov'd Hunting.

1. LEave *Cœlia*, leave the woods to chase,
'Tis not a sport, nor yet a place
For one that has so sweet a face.

2. Nets in thy hand, Nets in thy brow,
In every limb a snare, and thou
Dost lavish them thou car'st not how.

3. Fond Girle these wild haunts are not best
To hunt: nor is a Savage beast
A fit prey for so sweet a breast.

4. O do but cast thine eyes behind,
I'le carry thee where thou shalt find
A tame heart of a better kind.

5. One that hath set soft snares for thee,
Snares where if once thou fettered be,
Thou t never covet to be free.

6. The Dews of *April*, the VVinds of *May*
That flowr's the Meads, and glads the Day
Are not more soft, more sweet than they.

7. And

7. And when thou chanceſt for to kill,
Thou needſt not fear no other ill
Than Turtles ſuffer when they Bill.

On a Scriv'ner.

HEre to a period is a *Scriv'ner* come,
This is his laſt ſheet, full point and total ſum
Of all aſperſions, I excuſe him not,
'Tis plain, he liv'd not without many a blot;
Yet he no ill example ſhew'd to any,
But rather gave good coppies unto many.
He in good Letters allwayes had been bred,
And hath writ more, then many men have read.
He Rulers had at his command by law,
Although he could not hang, yet he could draw.
He did more, Bondmen make then any,
A daſh of's pen alone did ruine many,
That not without all reaſon we may call
His letters great or little, Capitall;
Yet 'tis the Scrivner's fate as ſure as Juſt,
When he hath all done, then he falls to duſt.

On

On a Sexton.

I many graves have made, yet in joy'd none,
This which I ma:e not, I poſſeſs'd alone;
Each corps without imbalming it did ſerve
My life like precious balſome to preſerve;
But death then kind was, now cruel found I have,
Robbing me of life, without my living grave;
And yet 'twas kind ſtill to, for in the grave
Where once I labour had, now peace I have;
I made good uſe of time, and night and day
Took care and heed, how th'hours go away,
I ſtill was ready for a grave, nor ſhall
I grieve at what I moſt joy'd, a Funeral
As I was wont, no not ſo prone as then,
Out of the grave I ſhall ariſe agen.

On a FART.

I Sing the praiſes of a Fart,
That I may doo't by terms of Art;
I will invoke no deitie,
But butter'd Peaſe and Furmetie,
And think their help ſufficient
To fit and furniſh my intent;
When *Virgils* gnat, and *Ovids* flea,
And *Homers* frog ſtrove for the day;

There

There is no reason in my mind,
Why a Fart should come behind,
Since that we may it paralel,
With any thing that doth excell,
Musick is but a Fart that's sent,
From the guts of an Instrument;
The Scholler Farts, when he gains
Learning with cracking of his Brains,
And when he hath spent much pain and oyl,
Thomas and others to reconcile,
For to learn the distracting art,
What doth he get by it? not a Fart;
The thunder that does roar so loud
Is but the Farting of a Cloud;
And if withall the wind do stirr up
Rain, then 'tis a Farting Sirrup;
The Soldier makes his foes to run,
With but the farting of a Gun,
That's if he make the Bullets whistle,
Else 'tis no better then a fizle;
Fine boats that by the times about,
Are but Farts several Docks let out;
They are but Farts, the words we say,
Words are but words, and so are they;
Farts are as good as Land, for both
We hold in Tail, and let 'em both;
As soon as born they by and by
Fart-like but only sing and dye;

Applause

I will invoke no deitie,
But bonere'd Pease and Furmetie;
And think their help sufficient
To fit and furnish my intent:
When *Virgils* Gnat, and *Ovids* Flea,
And *Homers* Frog strove for the day.
There is no reason in my mind,
Why a Fart should come behind,
Since that we may in parallel,
With any thing that doth excell;
Musick is but a Farte that's sent,
From the guts of an Instrument.
The Schollet Farts, when he gains
Learning with cracking of his Brains,
And when he hath spent much pain and oyl,
Thomas and others to reconcile;
For to learn the distracting art,
What doth he get by it? not a Fart.
The thunder that doth roar so loud
Is but the farting of a Cloud;
And if withal the wind do stirr up
Rain, then 'tis a Farting stirrup:
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Else 'tis no better then a fizle;
Fine Boats that by the times about,
Are but Farts several Docks let out:

They are but Farts, the words we say,
Words are but words, and so are they;
Farts are as good as Land, for both
We hold in tail, and let 'em both:
As soon as born, they by and by
Fart-like, but only sing and dye.
Applause is but a Fart, the rude
Blast of the whole multitude;
And what is working Ale I pray:
But farting Barm, which makes a way
Out at the bungbole, by farting noise,
When we do hear it's spitting voice,
And when we drink, and without hopps,
It makes us fart, and seldom stops.
I more of Farts would write I now,
But for my guts I cannot now;
For now they wonderfully rumble,
And my stomack begins to grumble:
Which makes me think that Farts else long
Will at my nock there find a tongue,
And there sing out their own praises,
In thundring and in choaking Phrases.
Where I leave them, and them to you,
And so I bid you all adieu;
What I have said take in good part,
If not, I do not care a Fart.

Silence the best Wooer.

1. WRong not dear Empress of my heart,
The merits of true passion, With

VVith thinking that he feels no smart,
That sues for no compassion.
2. Since that my thoughts serve not to prove
The conquest of your beauty,
It comes not from defect of love,
But from excess of duty.
3. For think you that I sue to serve
A Saint of such perfection,
As all desire, but none deserve
A place in her affection.
4. I rather chuse to want releif,
Than venture the reliefing
VVhen glory recommends the grief,
Despair distrust's th'atchieving.
5. Thus the desires that aim too high
For any mortal lover,
VVhen reason cannot make 'em dye,
Discretion doth them cover.
6. Yet when discretion doth believe,
The Plaints that they shall utter,
Then thy discretion may perceive,
That Silence is a Suter.
7. Silence in Love bewrayes more woe,
Than words though ne're so witty,
The beggar that is dumb you know
Deserveth double pity.
1. Then mis-conceive not, dearest heart,
My true though secret passion,

He smarteth most that hides his smart;
And sues for no compassion.

Beauty is not the guide to Affection.

OF Beauty there's no rule neither can be,
Since that I like, pleases not him, nor thee;
One likes a dimpled Cheek, a double Chin,
One likes a sparkling Eye, and so again;
One likes lusty Lass, to quench his fire,
Another, might he have but his desire,
Would reject all we have nam'd before,
And not double Chin, not dimpled Cheek adore,
Neither would care for sparkling Eyes bir,
And reject Lustiness, but adore Wit.
One likes a Lady that is short, and small,
Another, one perhaps that's big and tall,
You like a Lady 'cause shee's very free,
I don't, for fear I should cornuted be;
One likes a Woman, for such, and such a grace,
One cares for nothing but a handsome face;
One loves to see flaxen locks hang down,
Another man delights in lovely brown;
Thus all men vary you do see, and now,
Where's the good man I pray that kiss'd the Cow?

The Tunes to these and all other New Songs, may be had at John Fords *Shop at the* Middle-Temple *Gate.*

FINIS.